see the tears covered in red

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by hanbitna

Summary

Hanbin whines, a weak, dumb little thing, trembling in Gyuvin's arms, and shame trickles down his spine, staining his cheeks. He feels exposed, pink and raw all over, weak and docile and helpless, his toes curling at how easily Gyuvin's fingers slip and slide through his heat, spreading him open so effortlessly.

"Look at you, hyung," Gyuvin murmurs in breathy awe, his fingers slipping in deeper, "Even down here, you're shameless,"

Hanbin goes into heat, and Gyuvin takes care of him in his own way.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

this was supposed to be released on hanbin's birthday, but i ended up disliking it so much i reworked it and thirteen days later, it's finally done! happy really late birthday hanbin.

and although they will not be named, thank you to the two people who helped me in proofreading this and dealt with my intense self-deprecation! 2binz would not be here without you.

and this is supposed to be set around 3 months after 'another spoonful of sugar', but knowledge of it is not explicitly necessary.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It's in the morning, as they prepare to head to practice, that he tells Hanbin, "Hyung, you smell different today."

Hanbin, in the midst of packing his bag, appears both exasperated and embarrassed, his cheeks flushing with color. Ricky, who had been rummaging through Hanbin's closet in search of his favorite sweater, abruptly decides, "You know what, I'll just stick to my own clothes today," before promptly exiting the room.

"Gyuvinie," Hanbin emphasizes, mustering as much patience as he can, "I've told you before, you can't say things like that."

"I'm not flirting! It's just that you really do smell different today!"

Hanbin lets out a sigh, and Gyuvin would take him more seriously if his cheeks weren't tinged with a rosy blush. His hyung is so cute. "Okay. I can wear the scent patch today."

Well—Gyuvin didn't mean for that to happen. Hanbin-hyung smells amazing, like sweet caramelized sugar, so it's a bit of a shame. But perhaps it's also for the best. The last thing he wants is for the other boys to catch a whiff of him.

Today, he'll just have to stay by Hanbin's side a little more closely.

It's been a few months since he presented as an alpha, and his instincts have settled into a comfortable rhythm. Of course, he does tend to stick by Hanbin's side more often than not, but he has grown secure enough to comfortably enjoy the company of the other boys, even the alphas among them.

Over time, they have become accustomed to his unique dynamic with Hanbin, although they may not fully understand it. It has become somewhat of a new normal, Gyuvin's peculiar behavior around Hanbin.

As the day unfolds, Gyuvin keeps an eye on Hanbin-hyung. It has also become a new normal, this instinctive inclination to watch over him.

He has always recognized it on some level, but now it's crystal clear—Hanbin-hyung does so much for all of them. Despite carrying a heavier load than most, he's tirelessly dedicated to his responsibilities.

While Gyuvin has often been preoccupied with only himself, focusing on his progress during practice and how he presents himself to the fans in their upcoming performances, Hanbin-hyung is different.

Hanbin is the one who consistently looks out for them, ensuring the well-being of each member. He checks in with Taerae, making sure the younger boy is coping well during practice and understanding if he's grasping everything properly. He ensures that Yujinnie is eating properly, and encourages shorter, more frequent breaks to accommodate Ricky's struggles with stamina. He's both generous with his compliments and unwaveringly direct in his teaching.

He's so admirable, so incredibly dependable, that it makes Gyuvin sad sometimes. Hanbin takes care of everyone so diligently, but who's looking out for him? Who ensures that he eats well and rests properly amidst his endless responsibilities?

During their lunch break, firmly imposed by Jiwoong, Gyuvin manages to steal a moment to visit the coffee shop down the street and grab something for Hanbin-hyung to eat.

Returning to the studio, Gyuvin finds him sitting with Matthew, because Hanbin isn't actually capable of taking a break outside its confines. Sometimes, they imagine a different life, one where they had chosen different paths. Hanbin-hyung confides that he once dreamt of becoming an elementary school teacher. Then they laugh, because they both know that their lives are intertwined within these studio walls more than anywhere else.

Hanbin's face lights up as he spots Gyuvin, beckoning him over to join them. Taking a seat on the floor, Gyuvin completes the circle. Matthew, his attention fixated on what Gyuvin holds in his hands, can't help but comment, "Did you get that from the place across the street?" He eyes the logo. "Those prices are daylight robbery, honestly,"

Matthew isn't entirely wrong, as Gyuvin did splurge the equivalent of two months' salary on his order (which says more about their meager pay than anything else), but Gyuvin understands that Hanbin-hyung grew up with a taste for specialty coffee. Despite Hanbin pretending not to mind, Gyuvin knows that the vending machine coffee he settles for is an insult to his refined palate. So, he doesn't mind indulging him in these small ways.

As Gyuvin slides the straw through the lid of the cup, he gently directs it toward Hanbin's lips, teasing, "Hyung, say 'ahh'."

Matthew's jaw drops, caught off guard by the shameless display unfolding right before his eyes. And as Hanbin-hyung's cheeks flush with a delicate shade of pink, Gyuvin reluctantly acknowledges to himself that he does enjoy flaunting their relationship. There's a certain delight he finds in teasing and embarrassing Hanbin-hyung, relishing in the sight of that rosy blush blossoming on his cheeks, because he knows that no matter how much Hanbin-hyung grumbles, he will always indulge Gyuvin because his hyung simply can't refuse him. There's certainly an appeal to that.

Yet, there's more to it than just enjoying Hanbin-hyung's flustered reactions. It's about asserting his claim. Hanbin-hyung is undeniably desirable, and all the boys are drawn to him in some way or another, particularly the alphas. It's no secret that they've all harbored feelings for him at some point. And perhaps, deep down, Gyuvin wants them to see that Hanbin has chosen him, that despite Hanbin's kindness toward the other members, Gyuvin is the one holding his heart in his hands.

Despite his ears burning red with embarrassment, Hanbin reluctantly parts his lips and allows the straw to slip into his mouth. As he takes a sip, a subtle flicker of delight blossoms in his eyes. Taking the drink from Gyuvin's hands, Hanbin lets the straw slip from his mouth and says, "This is really good, Gyuvinie."

"Mhmm, I'm glad. Also, eat this too," He presses a protein bar into Hanbin's hand. Gyuvin had been eyeing the pastries in the cafe, but he knows that Hanbin-hyung purposely avoids eating a lot because he wants to lose weight. Gyuvin doesn't like it, but he'd rather have Hanbin eat something he brings rather than nothing at all, so he compromises.

"Thank you, Gyuvinie," Hanbin replies with a delicate smile, giving him a gentle ruffle on the head. Matthew, who had been observing the exchange, looks at Gyuvin expectantly. Gyuvin blinks innocently. "Hyung, I couldn't get you coffee. That stuff would stunt your growth."

"Ugh," Matthew grumbles, turning to Hanbin. "He's such a brat, hyung. Don't you agree?"

Hanbin chuckles softly, his laughter carrying warmth. "I think he's sweet."

Matthew appears torn, as if caught between a rock and a hard place. "Of course you do," he sighs, "I'm going to go sit with Gunwook over there. He'd agree with me."

As Matthew walks away, Gyuvin takes the opportunity to snuggle a little closer to Hanbin, because propriety is unnecessary if it's just the two of them. Of course, most of the other boys are still in the studio, but Gyuvin deems them distant enough to not warrant concern.

Hanbin-hyung doesn't entirely approve, but he allows Gyuvin to cling to him nonetheless, because he's a little too enamored with the expensive coffee. He's not immune to bribery, a fact that Gyuvin mentally notes for future reference.

"So, what's been happening with you today?" Hanbin asks dubiously, but Gyuvin sidesteps the question, placing a hand gently on Hanbin's forehead. "Hyung, you feel a little warm."

"Of course I'm warm," Hanbin grumbles, his cheeks flushing deeper. "You're so close."

Gyuvin doesn't doubt that Hanbin is affected by their proximity, as it has happened before. But getting Hanbin to admit it usually requires some persistence, and sometimes even that isn't enough. So the fact that he's acknowledging it so easily is suspicious, as if he's trying to hide something else.

Gyuvin wants to prod further, but then they hear Jiwoong-hyung's voice announcing, "Break's over!" and a flicker of relief passes through Hanbin's eyes. He offers a smile to Gyuvin, clearly meant to ease his concerns, but it falls short.

A sigh lingers on the tip of Gyuvin's tongue. His hyung really is so beyond stubborn. Gyuvin can tell he isn't feeling well, so why does he insist on pushing himself beyond his limits?

Even as they resume practice, it becomes glaringly obvious that Hanbin-hyung is struggling. Being the leader, all eyes naturally gravitate toward him, making it even more disconcerting to witness his occasional stumble and fumbled steps.

To be fair, Hanbin-hyung is not performing poorly by any means; he is still Sung Hanbin after all. Yet, there's an unmistakable flush on his face, more pronounced than it should be at this time of day, and a hazy glaze clouds his eyes. When they reluctantly take an early break, Gyuvin is right by his side.

The way Hanbin-hyung allows Gyuvin to guide him into sitting down without much protest speaks volumes about his current state of disorientation. Gyuvin carefully positions Hanbin against his shoulder, encircling him with a protective arm.

His fingers tenderly weave through Hanbin's hair, untangling the damp strands with a gentle touch as he softly murmurs, "Hyungie, are you in pre-heat?"

Hanbin lets out a soft noise, his eyes fluttering slowly as if he were a dazed cat. "N-no. S'not for another week."

A gentle warmth blooms within Gyuvin's chest, and he continues to stroke Hanbin's hair with delicate affection. "Okay. Let's get you home, hyung,"

Hanbin, ever stubborn even in his vulnerable state, shakes his head slightly, a trace of determination in his gaze, "N-no, I can keep going..."

Gyuvin gently silences him with a hushed shush, his hand leisurely gliding along Hanbin's thigh, the touch sending tingles of pleasure through his sensitive flesh. Hanbin's lips part, and a stifled moan escapes, his cheeks reddening with embarrassment. "G-Gyuvinie, what are you—"

"Aww, you think you can keep going, hyungie?" Gyuvin's actions appear innocent enough as his fingers delicately trace a path along the inner curve of Hanbin's thigh. "Just look at you. You're already this sensitive."

"N-no...! That's not... true," Hanbin stammers, his breath catching in a fragile sound that sends a warm flutter through Gyuvin's chest. Hanbin's hand weakly clasps around Gyuvin's wrist, a feeble attempt to halt his advances.

It's all so obviously performative that Gyuvin is tempted to call him out on it, just to see Hanbin's ears turn even redder than they already are. His hyung is too cute.

The fact that Hanbin is still fully clothed is a pity. Gyuvin can't help but imagine how the soft skin of Hanbin's inner thigh would flush under his devoted attention, like a flower unfurling in the gentle embrace of the sun.

And for all that he keeps his touch gentle, Hanbin squirms as if he's drenched in desire. Such a reaction can only be seen as an irresistible invitation, no matter what Hanbin may say.

Gyuvin wants to push further, to provoke such a profound blush from Hanbin that his cheeks radiate a vibrant crimson hue. He wants to spoil him with affection to the point where Hanbin can no longer feign dislike, where his scent fills the air with a delightful sweetness and he becomes a melting, clingy omega in Gyuvin's arms, all hesitation forgotten.

However, there's a limit to how much he's willing to expose their intimacy to others, and it irks him that the rest of the group gets to witness Hanbin's vulnerability. That they're indulging in the privilege of seeing the way Hanbin's eyes glisten with unshed tears and how his cheeks radiate an intoxicating heat.

With a protective arm encircling Hanbin's shoulder, he ensures that Hanbin remains securely nestled against his chest, while his eyes sweep across the room. He locks eyes with Jiwoong, who wears a visible expression of concern. Gyuvin gestures for him to come over.

"Okay," Jiwoong responds once Gyuvin has conveyed the situation. "The scent patches are in my bag, so throw out Hanbin's and stick a new one on. The keys are with Hao, and..." Jiwoong's gaze briefly shifts towards Hanbin, stirring a flicker of annoyance within Gyuvin's chest. His hold around Hanbin tightens.

With a hint of hesitation, Jiwoong adds, "Are you sure you want to go with him? Maybe someone more experienced should... someone who can properly take care of Hanbin."

Jiwoong's words hurt, digging deeper beneath Gyuvin's skin than he would care to admit. It's not as if the older alpha is wrong, technically. Gyuvin is far too aware of his own shortcomings, his occasional lack of finesse and immaturity that tends to overshadow his better intentions.

Yes, he does have a tendency to push Hanbin-hyung beyond his comfort zone more often than not, daring to venture into uncharted territories with an eagerness that borders on recklessness. And it's true that Gyuvin takes advantage of Hanbin-hyung's inherent kindness, knowing that he won't be held accountable for his impatience.

But it's not that Gyuvin is incapable of delicacy or treating Hanbin-hyung gently. It's just that he wants to delve deeper into the intricacies that define Hanbin, to uncover every facet of his desires and preferences until he's fully laid bare for Gyuvin, exposed in shades of rosy vulnerability.

But perhaps that's just another form of selfishness. Maybe it's not good for Hanbin-hyung the way it is for Gyuvin. Maybe Hanbin genuinely indulges him because he's inherently kind-

hearted, willingly setting aside his own comfort and pleasure for his dongsaeng's sake. If Gyuvin were a better person, he might choose to suppress his own selfish desires and let Hanbin-hyung go, even if only temporarily.

Yet, his grip around Hanbin remains unwavering, much to Jiwoong's growing frustration. Jiwoong's lips part, poised to voice his disapproval, but his words are abruptly halted by the sight of Hanbin reaching out to grasp Gyuvin's wrist, his fingers encircling the racing pulse beneath Gyuvin's skin.

Tilting his head, Hanbin meets Gyuvin's gaze, and even through the haze that clouds his expression, his soft murmur rings with undeniable clarity. "Gyuvinie, take me home."

A surge of warmth mingles with the tinge of bitterness in Gyuvin's chest, and he reaches out to delicately stroke Hanbin's cheek, paying no mind to Jiwoong's presence. "Okay, hyung," he murmurs.

The sound of Jiwoong's sigh reaches his ears as he kneels down, bringing himself to eye-level with Gyuvin. Hesitant yet sincere, Jiwoong gives him an affectionate ruffle on the head. "Make sure Hanbinie's well-fed, okay? Take good care of him. We'll try not to stay too late anyway."

When they finally reach the dorms, the encroaching night has swallowed every trace of daylight, leaving only faint glimmers of city lights in the distance. With a steady arm around Hanbin's shoulder, Gyuvin fumbles only momentarily with the keys before managing to unlock the door.

Stepping into the living room, Gyuvin tries to convince himself that he isn't feeling expectant, even as a thrill of anticipation courses through his veins. He reminds himself that Hanbin-hyung might want to eat first, and he can patiently wait for that.

Beside him, Hanbin appears equally nervous, and Gyuvin allows himself to believe that his hyung is also anticipating something. The faint flush on Hanbin's cheeks lingers, undeterred by the cool night breeze.

"Umm," Hanbin hesitates, his voice barely above a whisper. "I'm going to my room."

Oh.

Oh, wow.

Gyuvin hadn't expected Hanbin-hyung to be so... direct. Unexpectedly, he feels a flush crawl up his ears.

Wow. Hanbin always manages to catch him off guard like this, finding ways to surprise him. For someone who seems so innocent, he really is surprisingly bold sometimes.

"O-oh, okay... I... I'll take care of you, hyung! Don't worry." He might be inexperienced, but he'll take responsibility for his actions. He can't just take advantage of Hanbin and his body for months on end, and then abandon him when he needs him the most.

Hanbin meets his gaze, confusion knitting his brows, and Gyuvin senses there's more to it than just the haze of heat. "Umm, I don't..."

Hanbin's eyes widen as realization dawns on him, and he flushes. "My god, Gyuvin. I mean I want to get clothes from my room so I can go shower!"

Oh. "Yes, I'd love to shower with you, hyung!" he exclaims, relieved that Hanbin clarified the situation so clearly. He can't believe he almost missed out on such a wonderful opportunity, all because he misinterpreted Hanbin's intentions.

Hanbin hesitates, a pause that lingers for a beat too long, as if he's genuinely considering it. Flustered, he finally stammers out, "N-no, Gyuvinie."

Gyuvin lets out a whining noise, his voice tinged with disappointment. "Why not, hyung? I promise to behave and keep my hands to myself. I'm just worried you might get dizzy in the shower!"

Hanbin clears his throat, trying to regain his composure. "Don't worry, Gyuvinie. This isn't my first heat, and I always like to take showers during my pre-heat, so I'm used to it."

Well, now that Gyuvin thinks about it a little more, Hanbin-hyung in the shower... All wet and glistening, while the warmth tints his pale skin with a gentle pink hue...

There's a secret about Hanbin that only Gyuvin knows. See, Hanbin-hyung blushes everywhere. It's not just his cheeks that turn pink; every delicate inch of him does. From the slender curve of his wrists, where Gyuvin's touch brings forth a blossoming pinkness, to the gentle slope of his neck, adorned with a blush that radiates warmth. That rosy tint spreads even lower, down to his inner thighs and delicate ankles. It's a mesmerizing sight Gyuvin alone gets to witness.

Is it wrong to expect that he'll see it again today?

Gently, Gyuvin's fingers wrap around Hanbin's wrist, lifting it delicately towards his lips. Just beside the pulsating vein rests Hanbin's other scent gland, and despite knowing he probably shouldn't, Gyuvin finds himself parting his lips, lightly grazing the supple skin with his teeth.

"G-Gyuvin-ah..." Hanbin gasps, his ears turning a deeper shade of red as Gyuvin nibbles on his wrist, leaving behind faint traces of his teeth. A shiver dances along the base of Hanbin's spine as Gyuvin's tongue licks over the subtle marks.

Gyuvin stifles the groan that lingers on his tongue. Fuck, maybe it's because he's breathing in Hanbin-hyung's sweetened scent so closely, but it's dangerously potent—tinged with heated

arousal and embarrassment. And Gyuvin is expected to—wait?

It defies every instinct within him. In front of him stands an omega—Hanbin; his perfect, angelic hyung, who willingly surrenders beneath his teeth, offering himself so sweetly to satisfy Gyuvin's appetite. The way he calls Gyuvin's name so invitingly, as if he is presenting his pinkened wrists, practically begging Gyuvin to sink his teeth into them.

Lowering his hand from his lips, Gyuvin allows Hanbin to pull it back, tenderly cupping his flushed cheeks instead. Tears cling to Hanbin's long lashes, glistening in the soft light, and his lips part in a delicate, breathless exhale.

Hanbin really is beyond pretty like this, wonderfully vulnerable in a way that he rarely allows himself to be. Perhaps it's because he always sees himself as a hyung first, an omega second, prioritizing his role over his own needs and desires.

The weight of his position as a hyung is so ingrained in him that he feels ashamed whenever he succumbs to the sensations elicited by Gyuvin's touch, even though it's the most natural response in the world.

But there are times that Gyuvin is relieved that Hanbin feels that way. He doesn't know if he could bear the thought of anyone else witnessing Hanbin in such a state—so blissfully dazed, pliant, and delicate. It's a sight that belongs exclusively to Gyuvin, one that he refuses to relinquish to anyone else.

They're so close that Gyuvin can feel the warmth radiating from Hanbin's flushed cheeks beneath his fingertips. "Shower quickly, okay?" His voice trembles slightly, betraying the strain he feels, "I'll be waiting, hyung."

Hanbin swallows, his face growing even redder, but he musters the courage to raise his hands and gently cover Gyuvin's. He nods.

Usually, Hanbin's body is so sore after the grueling practice sessions that he longs for hot showers that steam all around him. But now, a different kind of heat courses through his veins, radiating from within, making him long for something cooling, something that can temper the fire simmering beneath his skin.

Shedding his clothes is a relief because his skin's too sensitive to withstand even the soft cotton of his shirt and his sweatpants. He doesn’t dare look down at his body; he knows he’s red all over, that the pre-heat has turned up his natural pinkness up several notches. Still, he lets out a small little sigh at the blissfully cool air and eagerly steps into the shower stall.

There’s a built-in alcove which carries all his shampoos, conditioners, moisturizers and body washes. He doesn’t like to be such a stereotypical omega, but he’s invariably gravitated towards scents that complement his own: rose absolute, fairly traded honey, and geranium oil. The honey, by far, is his favorite. The motions are something borne out of pure and sheer routinized familiarity. He lets his mind wander as he turns on the faucet and lets the shower water slough off the excess warmth.

Gyuvin... Gyuvin is... Hanbin doesn't know if he knows anymore. These past few months—what has Hanbin been doing? Just a few months ago, Hanbin was leading a perfectly normal, celibate life. But now he's all... weird and needy and terribly omega.

But, god, Gyuvin... Gyuvin with his hands, those big hands that could envelop Hanbin's smaller ones so completely. He's lovely, so lovely and attentive and so attuned to Hanbin's feelings and his scent, even knew that Hanbin was in heat before Hanbin himself did.

It's all so terrible, because Gyuvin is so sweet and considerate and lovely, and he treats Hanbin so well, and Hanbin likes it—he does. But other times, Gyuvin's eyes get all dark and he's mean and terrible and condescending and it sets Hanbin ablaze, has a sick, delicious thrill zinging up his spine, inflames the desire swirling through him.

It's always like this, always the same: Gyuvin, paying no mind to Hanbin's feelings, thoughtlessly stoking the flames of desires that Hanbin has tried so hard to suppress. And he really has, but then he thinks about Gyuvin's long fingers and his broad shoulders and his eyes, his impossibly attractive eyes that dilate with desire whenever they're pressed together, and Hanbin has to pretend like it doesn't affect him, like he isn't dripping, always so wet. Always, always wanting more, never sated, never fully satisfied, but Gyuvin—

Gyuvin just might fuck him docile. Gyuvin might give him everything he's ever wanted.

Hanbin hates it sometimes, actually, because it's so, so humiliating, because his body is always betraying him. Even now, the mere thought of that heady scent of alpha filling his lungs sends tremors of anticipation coursing through his veins, leaving him lightheaded and dizzy. It's all so shameful, this uncontrollable reaction, this raw vulnerability that exposes his deepest desires.

God, it's all so wrong, so incredibly wrong to want so much, and he inhales, exhales, desperately trying to rein in his feelings, but everything feels so fuzzy and funny in his brain, like thoughts are slipping through his grasp like water through his fingers. Gyuvin is probably waiting outside, just beyond the bathroom door.

Can he tell? Can he catch the scent of this molten mess of emotions that simmers beneath the water and soap suds, swirling in the steam? Does it cling to Hanbin's flushed skin, his trembling limbs? Does Gyuvin know that he's drowning in these fuzzy, warm feelings that refuse to be explained, that make his stomach quiver and his toes curl, while wetness pools between his trembling thighs?

God, god, it's all so horrible, because he's unraveling, coming undone so quickly, all without Gyuvin even laying a finger on him. Isn’t that embarrassing, isn’t all of this so pathetic, isn’t it so shameful how badly he wants this?

He can't breathe, can't think straight as he desperately clamps his trembling hand over his quivering lips, trying to stifle the gasping moan that threatens to escape, because he knows, he knows with a dizzying certainty that Gyuvin would have heard it, would have reveled in it, and the mere thought of Gyuvin listening, truly listening, sends a surge of intoxicating dizziness swirling through his already muddled mind.

God, how badly he wants it. Wants to believe, with every tangled fiber of his being, that Gyuvin is just as gone for him as he is for Gyuvin. Because then, maybe then, he wouldn't feel this deep, burning embarrassment that sears his core. Maybe then, he could trust that Gyuvin would care for him, would fill all those empty spaces and hidden cracks that Hanbin never even knew existed, until he's blissfully, achingly full.

But... but there's this ache, this little sting in his wrist, and the discomfort has his head clearing, just a little. Slowly, hesitantly, he eases his hand away, a glistening trail of saliva clinging to his skin, and it marks the spot where Gyuvin's teeth had sunk in. It's faint, the faintest trace of teeth imprinted upon his flesh, but it's there, undeniable.

Looking at it like this, it's like—a mark of ownership, and the mere idea sends his heart racing, thumping in his chest, blending with the wetness that drips down his quivering thighs. His mind feels fuzzy, lost in a swirling pink fog of satisfaction and desire.

And the thought of it fading away, of the mark vanishing, is unbearable. His teeth, he brings them to that very spot, where Gyuvin's claim lingers. He presses harder, harder, until his skin protests, tears welling up in his eyes. The heat within his stomach coils tighter, growing more intense with each passing second, as pain and dangerously sweet satisfaction intertwine—a twisted allure of being claimed, of being desired beyond all reason.

Gyuvin... Gyuvin... Gyuvin... God, every breath feels heavy, as if his lungs are filled with molten desire, pulsating through his veins, tracing a path down his spine. But what's the point? Gyuvin isn't here, and without Gyuvin, pleasure, heat—they're all meaningless, insignificant.

It's all useless, utterly futile, because Gyuvin is not here, and nothing else matters. Not the tingling pleasure that dances at his fingertips, not the heat that coils within him. It's all empty, hollow, a desperate ache that can never be assuaged, because Gyuvin isn't here, and everything feels so empty and unsatisfying.

He can't even come like this, can't do anything on his own—needs, needs Gyuvin. The mere thought of seeking pleasure without Gyuvin's involvement feels wrong, selfish even, like an impossible indulgence. He can't come on his own, can't ease the distress that gnaws at him when Gyuvin isn't here to make it happen. It's all so confusing, frustratingly out of reach.

And so he's left in this state, entangled in the messy web of his own desires, his mind hazy and disoriented, consumed by a lingering warmth that refuses to subside. After some time, he manages to summon the will to turn off the water, allowing his head to rest against the cool, wet wall.

Despite the coldness of the shower, his body is still heated, flushed with a relentless warmth. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he knows he must look like a disheveled mess, but the

haze persists, clouding his thoughts.

The burn in his stomach is far from pleasurable now, and it's more of an annoyance, a painful reminder. He realizes that his heat is hitting him with full force now, and it's worse than anything he's experienced before.

It's confusing for about five seconds, until he remembers who he's been attached to for the past three months. Gyuvin, with his stupidly attractive alpha scent that he's been inhaling every minute of the day. Of course his body would respond, of course his body would become more expectant, thinking that Hanbin is settling down with a nice alpha.

He lets out a groan, preparing himself for what could possibly be the worst heat of his life. "You're the worst, Kim Gyuvin."

Chapter End Notes

this was supposed to be a pwp, so i have no idea how it came to be that they haven't had sex after 5000 words...

BUT 2BINZ IS !!!!! we've been so fed in this one month like i really do froth at the mouth every time they stand next to each other.

they're always cuddling or touching each other in some way, and ????? hanbin saying gyuvin calls him 'my love' ??? gyuvin giving him really expensive perfume that hanbin adores ???????????

not 2binz related but congrats on 780k sales! i bought a grand total of two of those. hanbin sugar daddy might i say?

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

> a succinct summary of my brain writing this: hanbin slick dripping wet hanbin pretty pink flushed untouched virgin pure innocent maiden gets devoured by big bad wolf after showing pretty ankles
>
> thank you to my very lovely, unnamed proofreader for all your hard work, and for tolerating me while i was writing this, it couldn't have been easy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The onset of his heat burns—has him breathless, aching, and utterly dizzy. With bleary eyes, Hanbin manages to change into fresh clothes before stumbling out of the steam-filled bathroom. His unsteady steps threaten to trip him up, but before he can fall, there are arms, strong and secure, wrapping around him, drawing him close. Hanbin leans into the warmth, the steady thump of a heart echoing in his ears as he hears the soft murmur of reassurance, "I've got you, hyung."

Gyuvin's touch sends shivers cascading down his spine as Gyuvin's fingers press against the small of his back, while his other arm slips beneath the curve of Hanbin's knees. With practiced ease, he effortlessly lifts Hanbin off the ground, cradling him in his arms. The world spins hazily around Hanbin as they move.

Desperate for comfort and security, Hanbin clutches at Gyuvin's shirt, his fingers curling around the fabric as he tilts his head, burying his face in the inviting crook of Gyuvin's neck. The intimacy is both soothing and thrilling, and his ears burn with embarrassment, his heart racing. He feels so─weak, so helpless and pliant, and it's taking a lot out of him, entrusting Gyuvin with the rawest, most unprotected parts of himself.

Gyuvin, ever perceptive, draws him closer still, cradling him with tender strength, and his murmured words send shivers down Hanbin's spine. "Don't worry, hyung. I'll take care of you."

That, too, burns Hanbin, if differently; has his fingers curling tighter around the fabric of Gyuvin's shirt while sticky, molten heat pools in his stomach, a hunger that pulses insistently.

In a daze, Hanbin slowly becomes aware of the sensation of being lowered onto the welcoming softness of the mattress. The weight of the bed dips beneath him, and he clumsily shuffles back, creating space for Gyuvin to join him. Thoughts swirl in a hazy fog, but the one thing he knows for certain is that he needs Gyuvin by his side.

Gyuvin draws nearer, his leg bending at the knee as he leans forward, his hand cradling Hanbin's cheek, and Hanbin's mind goes blank, his words caught in his throat. "G-Gyuvinie

—" he manages to stammer before he's being kissed.

His breath catches in a fragile gasp, and he surrenders completely, melting into the kiss with a helpless mewl, his fingers curling tightly into the fabric of Gyuvin's shirt.

Gyuvin kisses him like it's all he's ever wanted, open-mouthed and filthy and indulgently wet. A viscous, syrupy pleasure trickles down Hanbin's spine, pooling in the depths of his stomach, because he's being wanted, desired with such fervor that it leaves him dizzy, but it's okay because Gyuvin is there, holding him steady, pulling him closer with an arm wrapped securely around his slender waist, all the while tangling his tongue with Hanbin's.

It's a peculiar, softly intimate sensation that has Hanbin's toes curling and his insides aflame. He doesn't quite know what to do because he's never been kissed like this before, and he fumbles to reciprocate as best as he can, his inexperience betraying him as drool slips down the corners of his lips.

Slowly, Gyuvin pulls away, leaving Hanbin gasping for air, his mind spinning, his cheeks flushed, and tears clinging to his lashes. He's dizzy, his chest heaving, but every breath he takes is infused with his own honeyed scent, and he burns, knowing that Gyuvin can tell exactly how affected Hanbin is by him.

Reluctantly, he lifts his gaze to meet Gyuvin's eyes, their gazes locking for a fleeting moment before he bashfully looks away. But Gyuvin isn't satisfied with that, his roughened thumb brushing against Hanbin's slick lips, guiding his gaze back to meet his own.

It's rough, and Hanbin should dislike it, but instead, he finds himself swallowing nervously as warmth blossoms deep within his stomach. His cheeks betray him, burning brighter under Gyuvin's gaze, and a hint of condescension tinges Gyuvin's knowing smile.

Gyuvin's thumb grazes Hanbin's heated cheek, and as Gyuvin's arm wraps around him, keeping him securely nestled against his chest, Hanbin can't help but feel—caught, like prey ensnared between the jaws of a predator.

It's a thought that has him swallowing thickly, has the coil of arousal and toe-curling humiliation tightening in his stomach, his scent softening into a smooth, melty caramel.

"There you go," Gyuvin murmurs affectionately, his words dripping with praise. He waits, stalls, because he's terrible and he revels in Hanbin's embarrassment, and Hanbin... Hanbin is so embarrassed, his cheeks burning pink at the wantonness of his own body, at how he's reacting to his dongsaeng, and he's not even able to resist, can only curl his fingers into the fabric of Gyuvin's shirt. "Shameless. My pretty, shameless hyung."

"N-no, no, no," Hanbin manages, a trembling breath caught in his throat, "Not... 'm not shameless, it's—the heat, it's not me..."

"Oh yeah?" Gyuvin provokes, and Hanbin's dazed mind can only manage a weak nod, inviting Gyuvin to press an adoring kiss against his flushed cheek. He can't stifle a moan, his blood surging to every spot where Gyuvin's lips make contact, leaving him deliriously dizzy. Yet, he can't help it, tilts his head back to offer his vulnerable neck to Gyuvin's lips, and

Gyuvin eagerly complies, leaving a trail of sucking kisses on Hanbin's pale skin, each one blooming red beneath his teeth.

And then, Gyuvin's hand wraps around Hanbin's neck, forcing his head to tilt back even further. Hanbin's heart thumps relentlessly in his chest, its rhythm pounding, pounding, pounding, as he feels the menacing edges of Gyuvin's teeth pressing into his sensitive scent gland.

In that moment, the world narrows down to the singular point of contact. It's so achingly sensitive, and Hanbin's first instinct is to resist, because he's too vulnerable, he's scared, except sticky sweet warmth is coating his insides and he's so dizzy, and he finds himself swallowing thickly beneath the pressure of Gyuvin's teeth. He pants for breath, his senses overwhelmed, but all he can smell is himself, a syrupy-sweet scent of an omega in heat.

His hand instinctively reaches up, trembling fingers weaving into the strands of Gyuvin's hair, a silent plea for more, even though he isn't sure what he's asking for.

Gyuvin's mouth presses fervently against his scent gland, sucking down like he wants to sink his teeth into the tender flesh. Hanbin shivers helplessly, his head falling back as the world around him blurs into a hazy, intoxicating oblivion. He bites down on his lip, desperately trying to stifle the moans that threaten to escape, while tears cling to his fluttering lashes.

Desperation coils deep within Hanbin, an ache that coats his insides, and god, no—this can't be happening, he tells himself, even as molten heat spreads through his veins and his body turns boneless, pliable and weak, even though Gyuvin's barely touched him. Hanbin can't be going crazy before he's even... because if Hanbin's reacting like this now, how much will he embarrass himself when Gyuvin finally—

Dazedly, he feels the brush of Gyuvin's fingers splaying over his clothed stomach, trailing down, down, until they hook onto the waistband of his pants. Hanbin gasps, his fingers digging into Gyuvin's arms as he feels the brush of those fingers ghosting over his heat.

His head is spinning, and he's trying to muster up a feeble protest, but before he can, Gyuvin's fingers are right there, and his thumb catches a droplet of slick that drips down Hanbin's thigh, smearing it across his flushed skin. The intimate touch sends Hanbin spiraling, his mind dizzy with shameful arousal, and his thighs instinctively come to close around Gyuvin's hand.

Gyuvin clicks his tongue in disapproval, and his grip around Hanbin's thigh tightens. The pressure leaves red imprints on Hanbin's pale skin as Gyuvin forcefully spreads his trembling legs. The sudden intensity overwhelms Hanbin, and he gasps, a moan caught in his throat. Heat floods his entire body, and his tongue feels twisted and tangled as he struggles to form coherent words. His voice trembles as he manages to stammer out, "G-Gyuvinie, Gyuvinie, no, it's too much, p-please..."

Except Gyuvin easily sees through him, feeling it on his fingers how wet Hanbin is for him, how Hanbin moans with every stroke of his fingers, weak with arousal and toe-curling humiliation.

Gyuvin's fingers are so, so long, and his nails trace over the tender skin of Hanbin's inner thigh, and Hanbin drips, drips, gasping out moans that blend with his tangled words. His stomach burns with heat, and his head is spinning, dizzy with the realization that he's unabashedly dripping all over Gyuvin's fingers.

He—he wants more, he realizes dazedly. Greed, thick and syrupy, burns through his veins with each teasing touch Gyuvin presses into his feverish skin, and it all feels good, but it's not enough—he wants more, wants to feel even better, feels like he's on the edge but not allowed further. He can't do anything unless Gyuvin lets him, and his brain is a hazy, swirling mess of fuzzy pink, and he wants so much, but doesn't know how to say it, doesn't want to say anything stupid.

He can feel himself trembling, knows Gyuvin feels it too when Hanbin wraps his arms around Gyuvin's shoulders. He tries not to falter as their gazes meet, Gyuvin's eyes quietly curious and expectant. He doesn't know how to deal with this Gyuvin, the Gyuvin who prefers to observe, the Gyuvin who notices everything about Hanbin, who pokes and prods just to observe how Hanbin will react.

And Hanbin can't help but.

"Gyuvinie..." he moans, melting against Gyuvin’s chest with no thought to the slick he's probably leaking all over his clothes. “Please..”

His vision blurs at the edges, but he can clearly see the shock that blooms in Gyuvin's eyes, the slight widening of them. Before shame can properly dig its claws into his stomach, Gyuvin is cupping his cheek with his large, calloused hand. The needy sob lingering on Hanbin's lips is immediately kissed away, and he melts, going soft and shivery and easy, letting Gyuvin kiss him deeply.

Gyuvin kisses like he wants to swallow him whole, greedily licking into his mouth until Hanbin is breathless, his head spinning, until it feels as if his mouth no longer belongs to him. Needy little sounds escape him, and Gyuvin greedily swallows them up, his arm wrapped around Hanbin's waist, holding him close against his chest.

All too soon, Gyuvin pulls away, leaving Hanbin disoriented, his head spinning and his fingers curled tightly into Gyuvin's shirt. He knows he's flushed, his cheeks burning crimson, but his embarrassment intensifies when Gyuvin gently swipes a finger across his lip, severing the glistening trail of saliva that connects their mouths.

Hanbin hesitantly locks eyes with Gyuvin, his heart pounding as he swallows the thickness in his throat because... because Gyuvin's eyes are all dark and dilated and focused on Hanbin, like he can't bear to look away, and he looks—aroused. Hanbin's sure he isn't imagining that, and he bites his lip, feeling thick, viscous heat surging through his veins.

He's suddenly so aware of how achingly empty he feels, how he has an alpha right in front of him who wants him, who's willing to fill him up properly. His stomach burns persistently, wanting, wanting, and he's dripping all over Gyuvin, and it's so embarrassing that he has to avert his gaze, moves to bury his head in the crook of Gyuvin's neck. But Gyuvin's fingers

entangle in his hair, pulling at the strands with a firm grip. It stings, forcing Hanbin to meet Gyuvin's gaze properly, tears clinging to his lashes.

Gyuvin's other hand rests on his thigh, his fingers casually rubbing honeyed slick into his skin, a sensation that has Hanbin whimpering. Leaning in close, Gyuvin's warm breath brushes against Hanbin's face, his voice velvety smooth and his eyes lighting with a darkness that makes Hanbin shiver. "Hyung, you're so easy, you know that?"

Heat crawls up his neck, burning, burning, and his red-bitten lips part in a breathless exhale. Denial crawls up his throat, because no, no, no, he's not—

" 'm... I'm not easy...!"

"No?" Gyuvin challenges, his hand sliding up Hanbin’s thigh to ghost his fingers over his quivering heat so lightly that Hanbin gasps out a moan, clinging to Gyuvin's shoulders just to keep himself upright, and thick, heated anticipation coats his insides. He wants, wants, wants so badly to be filled up, wants Gyuvin to fill him up until he's all Hanbin can think about, all Hanbin sees and breathes.

Gyuvin's fingers, long and wet with slick, trail over his entrance, just a shiver of a touch. Hanbin bites down on his lip to stifle the needy little sounds that threaten to crawl their way out of his throat, and he shivers helplessly with every little pet Gyuvin traces over his heat.

He's leaking so shamelessly too, trails of warm, transluscent honey that drip over Gyuvin's fingers. Gyuvin smears it between his fingers, generously coating them before he's slipping a finger into Hanbin.

"Gyuvin-ah...! " Hanbin's voice trembles, a desperate mewl escaping his lips as he melts against Gyuvin's chest, because he's finally, finally being filled, and Gyuvin's fingers are so long, slowly dragging through his pinkened walls. He's leaking, he thinks dazedly, so much around Gyuvin's finger, didn't even know he could get wet like this, and his fingers curl desperately into Gyuvin's shirt, thighs quivering.

Cruelly, Gyuvin slips in another, and Hanbin's head is spinning, dizzyingly pink and fuzzy. With every stroke, every lazy pump of Gyuvin's impossibly long fingers through his fluttery insides, he gasps out sweet ah, ah, ahs, feels helpless to everything happening to him, can do nothing but take it.

With his other hand, Gyuvin brushes his roughened thumb underneath Hanbin's glassy eyes, wiping away a stray tear. It should be sweet, but it isn't, because he's relentlessly fucking into Hanbin's heat, and Hanbin's dripping all over his fingers. "Aww, did I break you already, hyung?"

Hanbin whines, a weak, dumb little thing, trembling in Gyuvin's arms, and shame trickles down his spine, staining his cheeks. He feels exposed, pink and raw all over, weak and docile and helpless, his toes curling at how easily Gyuvin's fingers slip and slide through his heat, spreading him open so effortlessly.

"Look at you, hyung," Gyuvin murmurs in breathy awe, his fingers slipping in deeper, "Even down here, you're shameless,"

"N-no, no," Hanbin hiccups, all cracked and desperate. "S-stop saying that, I'm not—not shameless, not easy..."

"Oh yeah, hyungie?" There's something in Gyuvin's voice that has him shivering, like a harshness that Gyuvin is trying hard to bury, but comes out inadvertently. Hanbin doesn't get the chance to think about it further, because Gyuvin forcefully spreads his thighs, hooking them over his own knees, and Hanbin gasps as a third finger slips inside, stretching him open with a relentless insistence, and Hanbin is crying out, moaning and trembling, wrapping his arms around Gyuvin's shoulders as he's harshly fucked into, and it's nothing like he's ever felt.

With each twist of Gyuvin's wrist, his insides squelch, his mind dizzy and glitter-soaked, and he wants to come, wants so, so badly to come it burns him from the inside out, slick desperation sizzling in his stomach.

"You're already so desperate, hyung. Are you really telling me you wouldn't spread your legs for just anyone?"

"N-no, no, no," Hanbin fumbles out, his tongue tied into knots, and he's shaking, feels heat-sick and dizzy, but he has to say it properly, because Gyuvin is misunderstanding, "only—only want you, no one else," he whines, dizzy, dizzy, "only Gyuvinie can make me feel good, only Gyuvinie can see me like this..."

Gyuvin cocks his head, quietly considering. His hand comes to grip Hanbin's face, and he's so, so mean, because his fingers don't falter, insistently sliding through Hanbin's pink, slippery insides and Hanbin knows he must look like a mess, his mouth red-bitten and cheeks pink and everything is spinning and blurry that he knows his eyes are teary, and god, god, he would do anything, whatever Gyuvin wants him to do, just wants Gyuvin to let him come.

"I don't know if I believe you, hyung," Gyuvin's grip digs into his cheeks and it kind of hurts but he doesn't mind, and Gyuvin swipes a finger through his spit-slick lips. He pauses, allowing the pad of his finger to rest between Hanbin's parted lips before gradually pushing deeper, slipping into the wet heat.

Hanbin trembles, his mouth opening obediently as Gyuvin presses his fingers against his tongue. Drool seeps from the corners of his mouth and humiliation sizzles in his stomach, burning his cheeks. But he stays, because Gyuvin wants him to.

Soon, Gyuvin slips his fingers out of his mouth, smearing the slickness across his cheek, and Hanbin burns but instinctively moves to close his mouth.

"Keep your mouth open," Gyuvin tells him, and Hanbin whimpers, this pathetic little sound that has Gyuvin smiling. He swallows thickly, curling his trembling fingers into Gyuvin's shirt, but he obeys.

Gyuvin brushes his thumb against Hanbin's cheek, wiping away a stray tear, a contented smile playing on his lips. "You wouldn't do this for anyone else, hyung? Just me?"

Hanbin's jaw aches, his stomach burns, and his head spins in a hazy fog, but he manages to nod shakily.

Cradling Hanbin's face in his hands, Gyuvin tilts his head back slightly, urging his mouth open even further. Then, he spits in Hanbin's mouth.

Hanbin gasps, eyes wide and blood surging to his cheeks so quickly that he can hardly breathe, and he trembles, feels so, so hot that his mind is seeping out of him, evaporated and glittery, but he keeps his mouth open, doesn't dare close it. It's hard, because his jaw aches and tears blur his vision, glistening down his flushed cheeks. Little whimpers escape his throat, and he can't even stifle them.

Gyuvin takes pity on him, wrapping an arm around his waist and holding him steady, close to his chest. "Even now, hyung? Nobody else?"

Hanbin trembles, clutching desperately at Gyuvin's shirt, humiliation licking through him and it all burns, but he's nodding, eyes wide and willing and so intoxicatingly trusting.

It lingers in the air for a beat, before Gyuvin's leaning in to kiss him, and it's hard to kiss back —mind melted and heat-dumb, and all he can do is whimper into Gyuvin's mouth. Gyuvin's fingers slip out of him, wiping the slick digits over the sheets, and Hanbin shivers helplessly, feels empty and splayed open and kissed raw. Gyuvin strokes his hair through it all, touch firm but gentle.

Gyuvin pulls away after a bit, his hand coming to cup Hanbin's cheek. He brushes a thumb against Hanbin's glistening cheek, arm wrapped around his slim waist, and Hanbin's trembling, heart pounding and he can't seem to stop crying, but it's okay, because Gyuvin's there, holding him so close and pressing kisses into his hair.

"Shh, I got you, hyung. You did so well, made me so happy," Gyuvin soothes, gently stroking his cheek.

"S-scared me," Hanbin hiccups out, flushed and trembling, and he's leaning in, nosing at Gyuvin's neck in dazed affection, sniffling quietly at the familiar alpha scent teasing his throat. Gyuvin's arm is looped around his waist, keeping him tucked in close, while his other hand moves to rest between Hanbin's parted thighs, stroking the slick-damp skin there. "I know, I know," he murmurs, "It's okay now. I'll take care of you, hyungie,"

Hanbin is desperately clinging to Gyuvin, breathing in warm lungfuls of his scent when Gyuvin's fingers tease over his sensitive entrance, and Gyuvin's voice, dark and shivery, murmurs in his ear, "Is this where you want it, hyung?"

And Hanbin burns, his stomach squirming in embarrassment and eyes squeezing shut, but he's nodding, and Gyuvin's fingers slip back in, one, two, and he mewls, a startled little thing that has Gyuvin huffing. It's so intimate like this, because he's clinging so closely to Gyuvin,

and he's shivering in his arms and dripping slick all over his clothes, and he's so loud, lips parted as Gyuvin's fingers draw sweet little gasping mewls from his throat.

Gyuvin slips in another finger and Hanbin's hiccuping on a sob, fingers clinging to Gyuvin's shirt, and he, mind dizzied and pink, presses his slick mouth to Gyuvin's throat, mouthing at a vein in a desperate attempt to stifle his moans. For a beat, Gyuvin's fingers still inside him, before he's slipping in a fourth, twisting his wrist to sink them deeper, calloused knuckles rubbing against his fluttering walls.

"G-Gyuvinie—" Hanbin gasps wetly, and he trembles, slick pleasure coiling in his stomach, cheeks flushed rosy. His vision is blurry with stars and an embarrassed whimper wobbles from his lips, swollen crimson and shiny with spit. He's so close. He’s so, so close, and even after everything, this is still so shameful.

"Gyuvinie, I-I, I'm—' His brain is so fizzy and he can't think straight, molasses swirling through his veins but Gyuvin won't stop, twists his fingers in deeper and Hanbin is shuddering little gasps between needy whimpers, and Gyuvin is holding him close, and Hanbin is so, so hot. Gyuvin's thumb moves to rub firmly against his scent gland, while his fingers fuck roughly into Hanbin's insides, and Hanbin is melting, mind evaporating into pink glitter and honey-slick, shivering so helplessly as he comes.

Gyuvin coaxes him through it, keeping Hanbin tucked in close, and he's so nice and lovely and doesn't mind that Hanbin is squirting sweet, honeyed slick all over his fingers and wrist. Each nerve ending buzzes with toe-curling pleasure, and it's dizzyingly addictive, the way it coats his slick insides with warm heat, leaving him moaning and shivering.

It's so good, until it isn't, and he feels it so suddenly, how the rush of pleasure seeping through his veins falls away, and that once-warm heat turns into raw sensitivity. Heat burns through his stomach, and his chest trembles, and he's so, so empty that he doesn't think he could ever be full, so achingly empty.

He's dizzy with it, feeling like he could crawl out of his own skin, but Gyuvin, lovely Gyuvin, is there, shushing the pained whimpers that he's just realized were coming from his throat, sinking his long fingers even deeper inside Hanbin, and they fill him, but it's wrong, not what he needs.

"I know, hyung, I've got you," Gyuvin murmurs, curling his fingers deeper into Hanbin, and god, what is—why is he doing that? Hanbin is plenty ready, so why can't he just—

"No, hyung. I don't want to break you,"

A pathetic little whimper leaves his throat, all cracked and desperate, and his head spins, tears clinging to his lashes, and he's so dizzy, because Gyuvin—Gyuvin is promising to fill him up, slipping into every nook and cranny inside Hanbin until he's all Hanbin can feel, all Hanbin can see, mind swirling with Gyuvin, Gyuvin, Gyuvin, until Hanbin is so blissfully, achingly full he forgets what it's like to even be empty.

"You're so impatient. I thought you were supposed to be the hyung?"

Heat surges to his cheeks, and he bites his lip to stifle the moan that comes up on his tongue, but Gyuvin's hand comes up tangle into his hair, and he's gentle until he's grabbing the strands between his fingers, tugging firmly, and Hanbin lets out a gasped moan, his mind spinning as heat licks through him, and it's this—game that Gyuvin plays with him, hot and cold, gentle until he's not, that burns him from the inside out, has him aching, needing, wanting.

"What do you want, hyung?" Gyuvin asks him, and even after all this, he's so frustratingly unaffected by Hanbin, so casual and nonchalant while fucking Hanbin breathless on his fingers, perfectly composed while Hanbin thinks he might melt away, dissolve into a shimmering mist of pink, "I can't know if you don't tell me."

"I-I, I—" He whimpers, mind seeping out of him, and god, he sounds so desperate, heat pulsating everywhere and he's so, so hot, and he just has to say it, might get everything he wants if he just says it and Gyuvin just might—

"Please, please, Gyuvinie—" he whines, cheeks flushed and glistening, "want you inside me, want you to fill me, please...!"

Gyuvin's fingers slip out of him, and Hanbin gasps, feeling suddenly empty and splayed out. He hears the sheets rustling as Gyuvin wipes his slick fingers on them, before Gyuvin's hands clamp onto his waist, fingers digging into his flesh until it stings. Hanbin's vision blurs at the edges, but Gyuvin is right there, so close, and his eyes are so dark that they're impossible to miss.

"You want me to fuck you, hyung?" Gyuvin asks, voice dark and lilted, and Hanbin's cheeks burn, a shivery dizziness dripping down his spine, and he's embarrassed, but he nods.

With Gyuvin's hands firmly wrapped around his waist, and Hanbin's arms coming to wrap around Gyuvin's broad shoulders, Gyuvin guides him down onto the soft expanse of the bed, his back meeting the mattress, and Hanbin shyly parts his legs to give Gyuvin room to settle in.

Like this, Gyuvin is pinning him down, watching Hanbin with a quiet intensity that makes him swallow. He's handsome, Hanbin thinks dazedly, so handsome.

Gyuvin leans down, until he's all Hanbin can see, slanting a kiss against his lips and Hanbin melts into it with a soft mewl, his eyes fluttering shut. Gyuvin holds him close, coaxing him to spread his thighs, and it's only when Hanbin feels something hot, wet, unfamiliar pressing against his thigh that he's blinking his eyes open.

Heat floods his cheeks, his eyes widening, and a meek noise escapes his throat as he feebly presses his hands against Gyuvin's chest, trying to push him away, but Gyuvin effortlessly keeps him pinned down.

"G-Gyuvin, wait, that won't... fit...!" he stammers out, head spinning, and he's trying to ignore the arousal fluttering in his stomach, but Gyuvin thumbs at his entrance, a thick, sticky trail of slick smearing across his fingers.

"Shh, I'll make it fit, hyung," Gyuvin insists, even though that's absolutely ridiculous, and he's gripping Hanbin's thighs, leaving red imprints of his fingers on pale skin as he coaxes them to spread further.

Hanbin trembles, tears clinging to his lashes, and his fingers curl into the sheets as Gyuvin's hand comes up to dig into his waist, the other hand steady on Hanbin's thigh. His head is spinning dizzy as Gyuvin lines himself up, and his cock is so hot against Hanbin's skin, Hanbin might just melt away.

His eyes squeeze shut, head falling back helplessly as Gyuvin pushes into him, a cracked whimper leaving his throat because he's finally being filled, and he's so breathless, dizzy, with every inch Gyuvin sinks into him. It's—overwhelming, like Gyuvin is slowly invading every little nook and cranny he can find until he's all Hanbin can breathe, and worst of all is that Hanbin's letting him, soft and pliant and dripping around his cock, so shameless and god, Gyuvin was right.

A tear spills down his flushed cheek, and his eyes flutter open, meeting Gyuvin's gaze. He swallows thickly, because Gyuvin looks aroused, pupils all dilated and dark, like—like Hanbin is making him feel good. His hands come to grip Hanbin's waist, pulling him back onto his cock, sinking deeper into him, and Hanbin hiccups on a sob, fingers clinging onto Gyuvin’s shirt, and his chest trembles because he's full, so full of Gyuvin that he can't think of anything else, each nerve buzzing with addictive, syrupy pleasure. He's dizzy with it and his vision is all rose-tinted and glossy, moans wobbling from his swollen lips with every thrust Gyuvin fucks into him.

He's shamefully close, so soon, slick desperation coiling and tightening in his stomach, and he feels so, so close that it aches, gasping out a moan when Gyuvin thrusts into a spot that just feels perfect—

He can't think, mind dissipating away into a hazy cloud of pink-tinted dust as he comes, and god, he shivers, he can’t stop shivering because Gyuvin is fucking him through it, ruthless and terrible and so, so good that Hanbin is gasping out breathless moans and curling his fingers into the sheets.

Even as his orgasm tapers out, Gyuvin continues thrusting into him, dragging his cock deeply against his walls, his grip digging finger-shaped bruises into Hanbin's waist, and Hanbin feels it hazily, the moment pleasure warps into pain. He must make a face, because Gyuvin slows his pace until he's stilling, even as his hips stutter like it pains him to.

And Hanbin is plenty dizzy, mind melted and caramel smooth, but he manages to place a trembling hand over Gyuvin's on his waist, shame tinting his neck, even though it's probably a little too late to be ashamed. He swallows thickly. "Gyuvinie, you can—" Gyuvin's gaze burns, burns him, "you should—you can take what you need... from me,"

Gyuvin takes in a breath, his eyes wide before he squeezes them shut, an exasperated groan leaving his lips. For the first time tonight, Gyuvin's voice sounds strained, unconfident, as he murmurs, "God, hyung, you're so... "

Hanbin doesn't get to find out, because Gyuvin's sliding deeper into him, and a startled mewl escapes Hanbin's throat as a flash of pain flickers through his stomach. He instinctively curls his fingers into Gyuvin's shirt, his head spinning. It's too much, all raw sensitivity and heat and ache, feels good one second and painful the next, and he's shivering, trying not to squirm as Gyuvin fucks into him.

He's dizzy, but the pain clears his head a little, and like this, he can see Gyuvin a little clearer. He sees how Gyuvin bites his cheek, holding back his groans, and how he keeps his grip on Hanbin loose, trying his hardest to be gentle even though it doesn't come naturally to him, how he makes sure to angle his thrusts so Hanbin can feel good despite the discomfort.

It all makes Hanbin feel warm, so warm he aches, and so he can take it, doesn't mind the sting or the burn, because Gyuvin is holding him so close, fucking into him with a desperation that borders on messy. He's trembling, and Gyuvin's cock drags through him with a roughness that has tears dripping down his reddened cheeks, dizzy beyond belief.

He feels so out of it—fucked dumb and dizzy, his vision blurring out, until he feels Gyuvin's hips stuttering, thrusting once, twice, deep into Hanbin before Gyuvin is coming with a rough groan, and Hanbin's being filled, filled, searing hot cum coating his insides.

Gyuvin holds him close through it all, hands stroking his hair, and he's murmuring something in his ear, Hanbin thinks hazily, but everything's slowing to a syrupy swirl around him, and he can't help but let his eyes flutter shut, fingers curled into Gyuvin's shirt.

Hanbin-hyung slumps boneless in his arms, eyes closed, and for an absurd second, Gyuvin wonders if he's accidentally fucked his hyung to death, but then Hanbin makes a sound, cute and small, and Gyuvin breathes a sigh of relief. Okay, still alive.

Even asleep, cheeks flushed and hair damp from sweat, his hyung is still so pretty. He hesitates for a second, before leaning in to brush a kiss against Hanbin's brow. Hanbin scrunches his nose subconsciously, and he's so cute Gyuvin can't help but huff a laugh.

A little ping reaches his ears, like the sound of a notification, and he turns his head to look for the source of the sound. Hanbin's phone rests on the little nightstand next to their bed, and Gyuvin's arms are thankfully long enough to reach without separating from Hanbin-hyung too much.

He unlocks his hyung's phone easily, opening the messenger app, and it's a text from Jiwoong. It's simple, vague.

Jiwoong-hyung

> hey

> are you okay? how are you feeling?

Gyuvin frowns, biting on the inside of his cheek, before he remembers—why is he jealous? He's the one who was here for Hanbin tonight, the only one who Hanbin trusted to take care of him. Jiwoong-hyung should be jealous of him.

You

> yes! hehe Gyuvinie's taking good care of me ♡

Jiwoong-hyung

> who is this

Clicking the phone shut, he snuggles back against his precious Hanbin-hyung, burying his nose in the crook of his neck, perfectly content and sated, knowing Hanbin-hyung is all his.

Chapter End Notes

i used the word glitter three times in this chapter, and that's probably three times too many (special mention to shimmering mist, pink-tinted dust)

i thought abt pixie dust/fairy dust but realized that was just my tinkerbell hanbin agenda influencing me

thank you so much for your patience! i know i've made you guys wait a while and i'm sorry. there's a tornado crisis happening in my city and the power cut off for a while. i never learn to charge my laptop, so i had to write this in pitch black on my tiny phone, but the 2binz grind never stops! i hope the porn made up for the long wait.

thank you guys for always leaving such sweet comments, they really always make my day! just like the ship, 2binnerz are beyond lovely.

congrats on zb1's first win!! gyuvinie, our precious idol, our happy pill, our talented main dancer, the glue that holds the group together, you deserve every bit of success & happiness you get and so much more!

to hanbinie, our beyond lovely leader, our ace, our favorite dancer, our honey-voice main vocal, our one in a billion idol, your smile is the prettiest, and i hope it never disappears.

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